THE EVENING TIMES.

FRANK A. MUNSEY

PUBLICATION OFFICE, Tenth and D Streets.

Subscription Rates to Out of Town Points, Postage Prepaid.

MORNING EDITION, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning and Sunday, one year, $7; six months, $3.50; three months, $1.75. Sunday edition only, one year, $2; six months, $1; three months, 50 cents.

EVENING EDITION, one year, $3; six months, $1.50; three months, 75 cents. Evening and Sunday, one year, $5; six months, $2.50; three months, $1.25. Morning, Evening, and Sunday, one year, $10; six months, $5; three months, $2.50.

THE FAMILY LETTERS

A Brooklyn woman has been arguing with the "New York Sun" over a statement which the latter made, to the effect that women are usually the family letter writers, and that it is fitting that they should be. Why, she asks, should this duty devolve upon women? Have they more leisure or strength for it, or are they better letter-writers than men?

To this one may reply, generally speaking, in the affirmative. Women have, as a rule, more leisure for social life than men, and letter-writing belongs to the social and not the business side of existence. While they may not have more physical strength than men, they have more of the kind of vitality which is used in writing letters. To a man immersed in the details of his business the writing of a family letter means detaching his mind from all those details, and concentrating his attention on an entirely different subject. It is as much a bother as it is for a woman to attend to some business matter with which she is unfamiliar, when her daily duty is all in the direction of housekeeping. There may not be any more physical labor required in washing dishes than in handling ledgers, but a person accustomed to either duty will find the other twice as wearisome. In short, writing family letters fits into a woman's daily routine better than into a man's.

Women, as a rule, are better letter writers than men, especially when the letters are purely personal, because they are interested in what they write. They enjoy, as a rule, talking over the small homely things of every day, telling and hearing bits of amusing news, and extracting pleasure from things which men might consider most unpromising. And all these things go to make up the letter which everybody likes to get, and most women like to write.

WHY CHILDREN ARE BORED

By L. L.

Somebody has suggested that one reason why children are often fretful and "naughty" with their mothers is that the latter bore them. This will certainly be an unwelcome idea to the mothers, but there may be some truth in it all the same. It is extremely rare to find any human relation which will invariably prevent boredom on the part of two people constantly thrown together. It is a truism that, as a general thing, married folk get on better if they see other people besides each other, and it is no less true that children are apt to appreciate their parents more thoroughly after a short absence. This is simply in obedience to one of the laws of human nature. Two persons cannot come into contact without to some degree modifying one another's characters; and the unconscious effort to adapt one's self to another person's ideas and wishes becomes in time wearisome, and produces irritability. The child, from its dependent position, is more likely to feel this weariness than the mother, especially if the mother is in the habit of correcting and admonishing the child continually.

But, the mother will ask, what is to be done about it? The children cannot be left to their own devices. That is true, but there is generally some other person who will look after them now and then, for a while, and give them a change of authority. There are also ways of developing the child's independence through tasks of his own for which he is held responsible, and which he is supposed to do without oversight. We hear a good deal about the superior obedience of children in the days of our ancestors, but it is safe to say that this was due more to the regular tasks in which young and old were engaged, than to any radical difference in human nature. Each person had his or her own business, and attended to it, and this saved friction.

A CANTO OF CLARET

On an evening—oh, it was long ago
In the years when life had a rosy glow,
When each black cloud, though we never feared it,
Yielded and faded the more we neared it,
Like a thin wan mist by the sun's rays scattered;
And nothing at all in the wide world mattered,
Nothing but joy and the right to choose it,
And the strength of our arms and the right to use it;
When gold, not ingot or coin or bar,
But better and richer and rarer far,
Was ours, not tolled for or snatched for or groped for,
In the friends we had and the friends we hoped for,
All of them tested and stanch and truthful,
And all, like ourselves, immensely youthful—
On a certain evening in mid-November
We sat and we talked—do you remember?

And all of a sudden, neat and thin,
A third to our party came gilding in;
Neat and thin and sedate and prim,
With a fine smooth cap, and a dress so prim
That the least rough movement might disarrange it,
And a look—but I didn't wish to change it—
Fixed and somber and cool and quiet,
With never a hint of noise or riot;
So calm and gentle that, but for staring,
We might have missed when a fire came flaring
Forth from his eyes so swift and bright
As the sparks from a horse's hoofs at night,
When the road gleams out by his galop fired—
So quickly it flashed and so expired.

Then he looked you here and he looked you there,
And I thought, thought I, I must speak him fair.
He's a gentleman, every inch, that's clear,
So let him be welcome and sit down here;
And if he can talk, so much the better,
Right gladly I'll listen, and be his debtor
For a story told, and, unless I'm cheated,
It's bound to be good—so I said, "Be seated:
Be seated, friend, at your utmost ease,
And tell us your story, if you please."
So our friend sat down, and his voice came slow,
But it wasn't a story at all, you know,
For it didn't begin, and it hadn't a middle,
And there wasn't the least little plot to unriddle.
And you couldn't say, when the voice diminished
And paused at last, that the tale was finished,
Coffined and clamped and buried deep
In the place where the good and the bad tales sleep
And never to wake again, you'd pray.
Till the last trump roused it at Judgment Day.
For although he spoke, it wasn't a story,
But a blaze of light with a trail of glory,
A dragon of fire with all his joints
Gemmed with a circle of ruby points,
His breath like a flaming exhalation,
And his wings one emerald coruscation,
Fanning the sky with a noise of thunder—
A shape that a man might see and wonder,
With his matter of fact and his logic banished,
Whence it appeared and whither it vanished;
And now it seemed like the burst sonorous
Of a wonderful magical ancient chorus;
Not a roundelay for a festal dance meant,
But an air with a most divine entrancement,
That lifted you up and made you seem
Like a floating shade in a happy dream.
All thoughts gone that your heart offended,
Your striving over, your struggles ended;
Nothing left that could now remind you
Of tempests and tossings far behind you;
Envy stifled and anger muffled,
And, born in their place, a calm unruffled,
A marvelous peaceful stretch immense,
Beyond the limits of sight or sense,
Smooth as glass, but with just a swell, too,
A long low swell that you rose and fell to,
With the music to lull you and give you the swing of it,
And you on its surface the one lord and king of it.
And then, it seemed, with a kind of shake up
You'd come to yourself and start and wake up.
And see in a valley green and gay
Brown-faced maidens and boys at play,
Full in the sun on a happy day,
Laughing and singing and fooling and frisking it,
The boys for a kiss and the girls all risking it,
Their eyes so bright that you couldn't but love them,
And a shepherd stretched on the bank above them
Fingering deftly and blowing neatly
On his oaten pipe till it sounded sweetly
With notes that a wood-nymph might have sung
In the pleasant years when the world was young.
And, lo! you saw with your own two eyes—
Saw it yourself without surprise,
For indeed it seemed a sight to be glad about—
You saw yourself in the thick of the gadabout,
Playing a game that you seemed quite pat in,
With a girl to help you who whispered Latin,
While you whispered Love, or its Latin analogy,
Soft in the ear of your Phyllis or Lalage.
And next, like a joyous bird sublime,
You were poised aloft on the winds of Time,
With sun upon sun in the sky to show you
The wide world plain to your sight below you;
And you knew what it meant and how it had risen,
Cause and effect from its cramping prison,
When first the marvelous word was spoken,
And the bars were burst and the shackles broken,
And, elate with the ordered freedom gained for it,
The globe swung out on the course ordained for it.
And still our friend was telling his tale,
Talking at ease till the light came pale
Through the rents and chinks of the window curtain;
And (this much is sure though the rest is uncertain)
The room was cold, and the lamp was flaring,
And you and I were awake and staring,
Dazed with the tale that we both had heard,
And echoing still with the man's last word,
And thinking him still on the self-same spot there—
Till we rubbed our eyes and, lo! he was not there.

—London Punch.

Extravagance the Greatest Social Crime

"Men are proud of the social success of their wives, who in their turn maintain a constant struggle for social leadership."

By SARAH COWELL LE MOYNE,
Actress and Instructor in Dramatic Art.

"The very rich set a pace which the less rich try to keep up with. It is vulgar to ape the vulgar."

Extravagance in the social world is the greatest of its evils; for it is to the minds of the multitude a manifestation of intemperance, implying a looseness in all moral restraints, which the middle class and the crowd are only too prone to ape as the proper "smartness" of the "up to date."

American men love the excitement of making money, and having acquired wealth, they are willing that their wives and families should experience pleasure in spending it. These devoted husbands rarely object to the manner of expenditure, provided they are not asked to share often in it personally. Men are proud of the social success of their wives, who in their turn, maintain a constant struggle for social leadership, striving to excel in the originality and lavishness of their entertainments. Lavishness soon leads to extravagance. The contest is always keen, while the ever-alert newspapers furnish an expectant public with every detail of the whirligig of wealth's folly. Thus the world at large knows the world in little just as well as it knows itself.

There are families, perhaps, who can afford to be extravagant, whose well-known culture is so far above the suspicion of vulgarity in any form that even lavishness in their hospitable expenditures would not shame them any more than would the friendly smiles of Caesar's wife mean turpitude.

But of this immunity who is to be the judge? People are very prone to think well of themselves.

Certain it is that there are many families who cannot venture even the test of lavishness without being in danger of the brand of vulgarity, though lavishness is to extravagance as generosity is to spendthrift or waste.

But certain of the very rich set a pace which the less rich try to keep up with. Human beings resemble the monkey in their tendency toward imitation. It is vulgar to ape the vulgar and it is equally reprehensible for any of the rich to insist that on account of their wealth they are entitled to alter the canons of social decorum.

Men have gone through bankruptcy because they did not at the right moment call a halt on the extravagance of their families. They hesitated until it was too late, lest a curtailment of expenditure might be questioned by their business associates. Thus the mad race goes on.

It cannot be too strongly insisted upon by public teachers that extravagance or display of wealth is generally taken as the sure sign of a disposition to excess in the matter of all gratifications, or, in other words, that in the public esteem it effaces, effectively and with authority, the pretense of being gentleman or lady.

Through the novel and the play shall the teaching be done with the best chance of producing betterment. Mr Bronson Howard taught the lesson in "Aristocracy" and "The Henrietta." We listened and were grateful. Like the true teacher, Mr. Howard smiled with us while he taught us.

Mr. Glen MacDonough, in his new play, "Among Those Present," also teaches the lesson, and in his method also there is a commingling of laughter and sorrow. He makes it clear that extravagance leads to deceit, and debt, and unhappiness, and that great wealth in the hands of the socially ambitious is sometimes used to undermine the moral nature of the purest constitutions.

TREASURE TROVE

Financial reciprocity
Is built upon this plan—
A man first makes the money, then
The money makes the man.
—Whimlets.

Men folks is like pickles—some; women is the brine they're pickled in—they don't keep sweet without 'em.—Mrs. Tree.

A person who can't argue is like a person who can't chew; he swallows the facts of life unprepared for digestion.—Those Delightful Americans.

A plant in the room on washday is worth more than a bunch of flowers on Sunday.—Nature Portraits.

A person's mind has no call to be all clothes. They are all that stands between us and savages, some think.—Mrs. Tree.

Readiness to answer all manner of questions involving book learning is the beginning of a species of idiocy.—The Unspeakable Scot.

Thar never was a plant as hard to get rooted as charity is, and a body ought to have it whar they kin watch it close. It'll die a heap o' times ef you jest look at it, an' it mighty nigh always has bad soil ur a drought to contend with.—Abner Daniel.

Can Society Shape Its Own Destinies for Good or Ill?

By EDWARD HOWELL PUTNAM, in the "Chicago Record-Herald."

The essential truth that men's actions are strongly influenced by their thoughts is too obvious to require proof. The cry of "fire!" in a crowded theater will illustrate the fact very quickly, and often very disastrously. A premonition of death frequently causes its own fulfillment. A specific disease may be induced simply by the morbid fear of it. A peevish mind is irritated by heat or cold, rain or drought, storm or calm, sunshine or shade.

It is the general opinion that a man taken with cramp, while swimming, is sure to drown; and, solely because of the supposition, many a strong swimmer goes to the bottom needlessly, for cramp usually lasts but a short time, and the strong, hopeful swimmer could sustain himself through the period and swim to safety but for the fact that he thinks his death is at hand.

Not only in the obvious and commonplace affairs of individual life is it true that "As a man thinketh, so is he," but collective man—society—will actualize the thing that it thinks, the conditions that it imagines to be inevitable, and that otherwise would not exist.

A man naturally acts upon the suggestion of his own opinion. We have a most shocking and pitiful example of this in the Doukhobor colony in Manitoba, where those well-meaning but grotesquely mistaken people, utterly divorcing themselves mentally from all the rest of the world, past and contemporary, conscientiously striving to live according to their own thinking, have abjured flesh meat, unyoked the ox, stripped the harness from the horse, turned the milch kine free upon the prairies, and have undertaken to subsist upon the immediate fruits of the soil, tilled by human hands alone. So desperate is their extremity that many of them must perish, or accept succor at the hands of men who think it right to make of the brute either food or slave, as best suits their purpose, and who therefore prosper.

We go down into the valleys of despair, or ascend the mountains of hope, according as we look down or up. The coward falls an easy conquest to the man of courage, while perfect self-confidence confesses no insurmountable obstacle.

Likewise society shapes its own destinies of good or ill as it looks out upon the morrow with eyes of hope and trust or with gloomy foreboding of evil.

Among the many factors that modify industrial conditions none is more potent than the element of faith. The economist who neglects the spiritual element of the social problem is a blind leader, stumbling among the rocks of error.

Convince the people that panic and business depression are imminent and you do thereby product panic and business depression. Why? Because the most natural and obvious preparation for adversity consists of retrenchment—rigid economy. In other words, when the people believe that industrial reverse is at hand they will stop buying so far as possible. To comprehend the direful significance of this, one has but to reflect that buying is but one side of the operation of exchange, of which the other side is selling. That is to say, that exactly in so far as a people stops buying it also stops selling. For, how can there be a seller without a buyer?

Buying and selling are necessarily reciprocal operations, or rather, they constitute a single operation, as neither could be without the other.

Perpetual prosperity is an easy possibility. There is no natural reason why the general demand for industrial products should not always equal the utmost possible supply. If at any time the general demand shall fall below the supply so as to precipitate a business depression, it will be because society has somehow infracted economic law. And such infraction may be accidental, the result of ignorance, or it may be the result of doubt, fear or panic. These three latter being so nearly allied, may be approximately expressed in the one word, panic.

We have, then, as the chief causes of business depression (1) accident—that is, in our ignorance of economic law—natural law—we may accidentally pursue a course that will inevitably derange the balance of supply and demand; when, if demand fall much below the supply of commodities in general and continue thus for a considerable time, the consequent glut of the general markets will produce depression; (2) panic, that is, unfaith in the immediate industrial prospect.

Failure of some great industrial concern or of an important financial institution may precipitate a prosperity-destroying panic. Also, prediction of general depression, accompanied by adjuration to retrenchment by men whose word is regarded as authoritative, will inaugurate a prosperity-destroying panic. But neither of these would of necessity cause extreme business depression. It is the panic that does the mischief; the irrational thinking of the multitude, for, verily, as a man thinketh, so is he.

The infraction of natural law as it operates in the realm of industry may, however, produce depression in spite of all that unbounded faith and energy can do to prevent. But discussion of this feature is aside from our purpose in this article.

I claim that to advise the public generally to curtail expenditure as a precaution against hard times is, in itself, calculated to produce hard times. For, if the public take the advice and ceases buying, there will be, of course, just so much less of selling. And when the whole people once get started in this direction, the first step producing the very condition that they feared, panic adds its demoralizing influence to the madness of the hour and industrial chaos and ruin follow.

While it is always well that every man save a portion of his income, it is not well that people generally should ever suddenly increase the per cent of savings.

A people may live niggardly or liberally, exactly as it please. But the only way to make possible a general high standard of living is to spend liberally.

While an individual may grow "rich" by parsimony, a nation of misers would inevitably perish of starvation, and that speedily.

A nation is rich or poor in proportion as it spends money in the purchase of useful things or hoards it. For the more the people board the less they will buy, and the less they sell the less they will produce, and the less they produce the less they will have.

Finally, the sane and obvious duty of every man who feels responsible for the well-being of society is to think prosperity and predict prosperity, for though faith may not always save, yet there is no salvation without it, and doubt is deadly.

HEIRLOOMS OF JEWELS

There is no heirloom around which clusters exactly the same sort of associations as jewels, for there is nothing else which does not change and grow dim with time. The fame of some of the gems of antiquity has come down in history. The wife of Caligula appeared at a supper covered with emeralds and jewels, arranged alternately, to the value of $1,680,000. Sabina the younger had a pair of garters made of intaglios, valued at $200,000. There is a curious story of one of Charles the Bold's diamonds. It was lost on the battlefield, swallowed by a soldier, buried with him and afterward recovered. Purchased by Henry VIII it was given by his daughter, Bloody Mary, to her husband, Philip of Spain.

The famous "Diamond Necklace," which created such a furore concerning Marie Antoinette that it helped on her fate, is now lost. No one knows what has become of the stones. Elizabeth was as fond of jewels as of all other regal trappings, and used to appear fairly plastered with them. Catherine of Braganza had a set of magnificent black pearls.

Probably the most famous private collection of jewels of modern times is that of the Duke of Richmond. One diamond once belonged to the Emperor Baber, founder of the Mogul empire in India. Twelve diamond solitaires were the vest buttons of Dom Pedro, Emperor of Brazil. A black diamond was for centuries the eye of an Indian idol, reminding one of that most fascinating of jewel stories, Collins' "Moonstone." There is a ring of Mary Stuart's, and earrings of Marie Antoinette. A quarto volume of 268 pages is necessary to catalogue the collection, and the most extraordinary precautions are taken for its protection.

The famous "iron" crown of Lombardy is one of the most famous old jewels in existence. It has been in use over fifteen hundred years, and is valued not for its rubies, emeralds and sapphires, but for the iron nails, which, were given by the Empress Helena, and which, tradition declares, were part of the crucifixion nails. Another rare old jewel is an enameled ornament found near the end of the seventeenth century on the Isle of Athelney, and now in the Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. It is inscribed with the name of Alfred the Great, and is called the Alfred jewel. The Dagmar cross, found some seventy years ago in the tomb of Dagmar, a Danish queen of 1205, is in the National Museum at Copenhagen. Queen Alexandra and her sisters all have fine copies of it. Among modern queens Alexandra is famed for the sumptuousness of her jewels. The late Czar also had made for his bride, Alexandra's sister Dagmar, a necklace of new diamonds, which will be one of the heirlooms of the future. The pearl necklace of Queen Margarita is one of the famous pieces of modern jewelry. Another heirloom of the future will be Miss Nightingale's jewel, given her by Queen Victoria in commemoration of her services during the Crimean war.

REFLECTIONS

The last person one blames for one's misfortune is oneself.

There is no such thing as getting pleasure for nothing.

A good many business men don't succeed until they fail.

The reason why some people don't make fools of themselves is because nature has forestalled them.

An injured man has a long memory.

We could endure our friend's peculiarities if we could convince ourselves that he is a genius.

ONE MAD MAN'S WISDOM

Bastiat, the French political economist of the last century, puts this sample of swearology in the mouth of a man who has studied money economically until he has grown mad:

"I curse money because it is constantly confounded with wealth, and from this confusion arise errors and calamities without number. I curse it because its functions are ill understood and very difficult of comprehension. I curse it because it confuses all ideas, causes the means to be taken for the end, the obstacle for the cause, alpha for omega; because its presence in the world, beneficial in itself, has introduced a false notion, a begging of the question, a fallacious theory, that in its humerous ramifications has impoverished man and crimsoned the earth with blood. I curse it because I feel myself incapable of wrestling against the error to which it has given birth otherwise than by a long and fastidious dissertation to which no one will listen."

LESSON IN CHRISTIAN SOCIALISM

New Orleans mothers may benefit by the following story of how a wise modern mother recently taught her daughter a lesson in consideration. That young lady, who was very much inclined to rail at laundresses in general and her own in particular—knows now what it means to stand over an ironing board on a hot summer day. This wise modern mother required her daughter to iron one of her own long and elaborately trimmed white skirts. It was a difficult task to hands soft and white and unaccustomed to wielding the heavy flatiron, and there was a very perceptible difference of temperature between the laundry room and her own cool, darkened bedchamber. It is safe to say that young lady did some pretty hard thinking as she labored through her task, the perspiration rolling from her brow and her delicate face turning scarlet.

As the mother watched the girl wrestle with sticking starch, vexatious wrinkles, and unsightly smooches her mother's heart weakened. She was a wise mother, however, and she hardened her heart and turned away, leaving the girl to her task. That task never needed to be repeated. There were servants enough in that home to attend to the laundry work. But that one exercise was worth more to the girl than any amount of preaching of the Golden Rule. It put her in the place of the laundress for a while. It showed her what toil was involved in laundering her pretty clothes, and will make her more careful and considerate all her life afterward.

It was really a lesson in Christian socialism, and that is what most modern young girls need to learn.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

ITALIAN AS UNIVERSAL LANGUAGE

By B. C. GALLUP.

The proposition recently made by an eminent authority in London to adopt the Italian as the international language is, perhaps, not so surprising as it may at first appear, though there seems to be but little probability of its adoption.

The Italian language is generally conceded to be, on the whole, the most perfect of all modern tongues. This on account of its superior flexibility, copiousness, homogeneity, freedom of arrangement, the great beauty and harmony of its sounds and the facility of pronunciation in being written as pronounced.

According to the Encyclopaedia Brittanica it is "absolutely true that so far as phonetics, rudimental syntax, and in short the whole character and material of words and sentences are concerned, there is no literary language of Europe that is more thoroughly characterized by homogeneity and oneness, as if it had come forth in a single cast from the furnace, than the Italian."

Its acquisition would be easy to those who speak any one of the other romance languages, namely, French, Spanish, Portuguese, Provencal and Roumanian, and to those who have some knowledge of Latin, Italian being mostly Latin simplified. The lingua franca in common use among all nationalities in the eastern ports of the Mediterranean is mainly Italian.

True, the English language has some advantages over the Italian. It is spoken by 111,000,000, and owing to the superior push or "strenuousness" of the people who speak it, it is fast gaining over the other languages. Its grammar is simple, so simple in fact, that it has been called the "grammarless tongue." But the fact that it is written one way and pronounced in another, and the universal prejudice against England render its adoption improbable, if not impossible, though it seems destined to be the principal language of commerce. To learn English a foreigner has practically to learn two languages, namely, English as it is spoken and English as it is written. In fact, English pronunciation is so bad that any improvement in it seems hopeless, and until it is corrected it will always be easier for English-speaking people to learn Italian than for Italians to learn English.

It is not true, as claimed, that the Italian language has been losing ground and that it is hardly heard spoken out of Italy. Statistics show that in 1801 it was spoken by fifteen millions, while now it is the language of over forty millions. I hear it every day in the streets of Washington, where there are several thousand Italians. No other language is heard in many streets of New York, where there are two hundred thousand natives of Italy. They are found in the same proportion in other cities of the Union, and in far greater proportion in South America, especially in the Argentine Republic, peopled in great part by Italians.

As to advisability of having an international language there can hardly be any difference of opinion. Such a language would greatly facilitate commerce and amity among the nations of the earth and thus further the great cause of universal brotherhood.